

When the Pawn...

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Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-12 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-12 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:08:14

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 612

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Cho is swindled into finishing Harry off for Voldie... If you ask me, this is sort of depressing for a chipper person like myself. I was in a weird mood when I wrote this. If you don't like it, I don't really give a crap. And you all thought that i only

When the Pawn...

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He's just a pawn; just a part of the immensely complex game of my so-called life. Just a toy I like to fool with. Just a life to affect, another heart to break. Sometimes, I lie awake at night, wondering when things started to spin out of control for me. At what point was I swindled into helping Voldemort complete his mission of twenty years past? I never bargained for this.

All day, I wonder around in this trance, devoting myself to him against my will. Trying to trick another poor, unfortunate soul into a fate worse than death; deceit. I wish I could warn him, tell him to avoid me. But he keeps falling, deep into a spell of affections that will not be returned. As long as I walk this earth, I will be a threat to him. Oh, maybe I should end it all now, before it's too late, before he's gone. He truly is a great man, and a powerful one. I don't deserve him. Why didn't the prophecies say for him to be destined to a girl like Hermione Granger. I always thought that they'd end up together. Harry's too precious a gift to lose, untouchable to a woman like me. I'm just garbage, common street trash. I'm a disgrace to the term "wizard", a talented member of the Dark Arts. I always thought that it was a bad move, getting involved with Draco Malfoy, the poor dead bastard. He wasn't strong enough, not for the fall of Severus, he must have been like a father figure. More of a parental guide than Lucius, that abusive prick. How many times had I comforatated him, sobbing like a toddler in my arms, with a new bruise or mark to show off.

Draco became my best friend at that castle one summer. I believe that it was right before I started my 6th year at Hogwarts. No need for that. I had learned all I ever needed to from father, and from the goons in Riddle's "inner circle". I never intended to hurt anyone, least of all Harry, knowing the danger he's in now. I just wanted to learn enough of the Dark Arts to protect Draco from his father.

Deeper into our relationship, Malfoy asked me if I loved him. Those were the days when I was just so unsure of myself, mixed up with ideas of good and evil, not at all unlike an old Professor and friend of father's, Quirrel. I told him no. But now that he too is gone, I realized that yes, I did love him. From the bottom of my heart I loved Draco Malfoy. It was a love so strong that I turned to the Dark Forces just for him. After the death of Draco, I vowed never to get too close to someone, and to never do something for somebody else's reasons. There was only one more mission in life I had to complete, one more pawn to scrape across the chess board in victory.

So, here I sit by the fire in this hell of my so-called life. My world, spinning out of control. Any moment now, I'll snap out of this trance and join my party downstairs. I'll slip on my mask for another night of this show on Broadway. The show will go on, until death closes in on Harry. Until he has reached his own checkmate.

I'm such a fool. The only one really being played is myself. When the pawn is Cho Chang.

End
file.